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Printed

The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY, Surnamed HOTSPUR.

By SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON:

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again-Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

MDCCLXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth,
 Henry, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
 John, Prince of Lancaster,

Worcester,
 Northumberland,
 Hot-spur,
 Mortimer,
 Archbishop of York,
 Dowglas,
 Owen Glendower,
 Sir Richard Vernon,
 Sir Mitchell,
 Westmorland, } Enemies to the King.
 Sir Walter Blunt, }
 Sir John Falstaff. } of the King's Party.

Poins,
 Gads-hill, }
 Peto, } Companions of Falstaff.
 Bardolph, }

Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-spur.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to
 Mortimer.

Hostess.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,
 Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, ENGLAND.



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The FIRST PART of
H E N R Y IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, LONDON.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, and others.

KING HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a Time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded Accents of new
Broils

To be commenc'd in Stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Entrance of this Soil
Shall damp her Lips with her own Children's Blood :
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of hostile Paces. Those oppos'd Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
Of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Shall lately meet in the intestine Shock
And furious Close of Civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming Ranks
March all one Way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies :

The First Part of

The Edge of War, like an ill-sheathed Knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore, Friends,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose Soldier now, under whose Blessed Cross
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a Power of *English* shall we levy;
Whose Arms were moulded in their Mother's Womb,
To chase these *Pagans*, in those holy Fields,
Over whose Acres walk'd those blessed Feet
Which, fourteen hundred Years ago, were nail'd
For our Advantage on the bitter Cross,
But this our Purpose is a Twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear,
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland*,
What yesternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear Expedience.

West. My Liege, this Haste was hot in question,
And many Limits of the Charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the Men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude Hands of that *Welshman* taken;
A thousand of his People butchered,
Upon whose dead Corpse there was such Misuse,
Such beastly, shameless Transformation,
By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be
Without much Shame, be told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then that the Tidings of this Broil
Brake off our Business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other-like, my gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome News
Came from the North, and thus it did report
On Holy-rod Day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*
That ever valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* spent a sad and bloody Hour.
As by Discharge of their Artillery
And shape of likelihood, the News was told;
For he that brought it, in the very Heat

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King HENRY IV.

And Pride of their Contention, did take Horse,
Uncertain of the Issue any way.

K. Henry. Hear is a dear and true industrious Friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Stain'd with the Variation of each Soil,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours :
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome News.
The Earl of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own Blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Prisoners, *Hotspur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldest Son
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earls of *Athel*,
Of *Mury*, *Angus*, and *Mentieth*,
And is not this an honourable Spoil ?

A gallant Prize ? ha, Cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith, a Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin,

In Envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Son :

A Son, who is the Theme of Honour's Tongue :

Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride :

Whilst I by looking on the Praise of him,

See Riot and Dishonour stain the Brow

Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd

That some Night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd

In Cradle Clothes, our Children where they lay,

And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* ;

Then would I have this *Harry*, and he mine.

But let him from my Thoughts. What think you Cousin,

Of this young *Percy's* Pride ? the Prisoners

Which he in this Adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own Use he keeps, and send me Word

I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his Uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,

Malevolent to you in all Aspects ;

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up

The Crest of Youth against your Dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this ;

And for this Cause a while we must neglect
Our holy Purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we
Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the Lords :
But come yourself with Speed to us again ;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of Anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what Time of Day is it, Lad ?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old
Sack, and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping
upon Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten
to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.
What a Devil hast thou to do with the Time of the
Day ? Unless Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes
Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dial
the Signs of Leaping-Houses, and the blessed Sun him-
self a fair hot Wench in flame-colour'd Taffata. I see
no Reason why thou should'st be so superfluous, to de-
mand the Time of the Day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*. For we
that take Purfes, go by the Moon and Seven Stars, and
not by *Phæbus*, he, that wandering Knight so fair. And
I pray thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King —
God save thy Grace, (Majesty I should say, for Grace
thou wilt have none.) —

P. Henry. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my Troth not so much as will serve to
Prolouge to an Egg and Butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then ? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King
let, not us that are 'Squires of the Night's Body, be called
'Thieves of the Day's Beauty.' Let us be *Diana's* For-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon
and let Men say, we be Men of good Government, being
governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress
the Moon, under whose Countenance we — steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too ; for
the Fortune of us that are the Moon's Men, doth eke

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King HENRY IV.

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and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for Proof, now : A Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* Night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* Morning ; got with swearing, *laid by* ; and spent with crying, *bring in* : Now in as low an Ebb as the Foot of the Ladder ; and by and by in as high a Flow as the Tide of the Gallows.

Fal. By the Lord! thou say'st true, Lad ; and is not mine Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench ?

P. Henry. As the Honey of *Hibla*, my old Lad of the Castle ; and is not a Buff-jerkin a most sweet Robe of Durance ?

Fal. How now, how now mad Wag what, in thy Quips and thy Quiddities ; What a Plague have I to do with a Buff-jerkin ?

P. Henry. Why, what a Pox have I to do with thy Hostess of the Tavern ?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a Reckoning many a Time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy Part ?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy Due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my Coin would stretch, and where it would not I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that you art Heir Apparent — But I pr'ythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King ? And Resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty Curb of old Father Antick, the Law ? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

P. Henry. No ; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I ? O rare ! I'll be a brave Judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already : I mean thou shall have the hanging of Thieves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well ; and in some sort it jumps with my Humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of Suits ?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. 'Sblood I am as melancholy as a Gib-Cat, or a Lugg'd Bear.

The First Part of

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a Lover's Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnshire* Bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare or the Melancholy of *Moor-dutch*?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young Prince——But *Hal*, I prithee trouble me no more with Vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: An old lord of the Council rated me the other Day in the Street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the Street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well, for no Man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much Harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I must give over this Life, and I will give it over by the Lord; an I do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's Son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a Purse To-morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me a Villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good Amendment of Life in thee, from praying to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*. 'Tis no Sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

SCENE III.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a Match. O, if Men were to be saved by Merit, what Hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, stand, to a true Man.

P. Henry. Good Morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good Morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir *John Sack* and Sugar? *Jack*! how agree the Devil and thou about thy Soul, that thou soldest him on *Good-Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capon's Leg?

P. Henry.

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P. Henry. Sir *John* stands to his Word, the Devil shall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs; *He will give the Devil his Due.*

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy Word with the Devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poins. But my Lads, my Lads, To-morrow Morning, by Four o'Clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purfes. I have Vizards for you all, you have Horses for yourselves: *Gads-hill* lies to Night in *Rocheſter*, I have bespoke Supper To-morrow in *East-cheap*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: If you will go, I will ſtuff your Purfes full of Crowns; if you will not, tarry at Home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at Home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, Chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who? I rob? I a Thief? not I, by my Faith.

Fal. There's neither Honesty, Manhood, nor good Fellowship in thee; thou cam'ſt not of the Blood-Royal, if thou dar'ſt not cry, ſtand, for Ten Shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my Days I'll be a Madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at Home.

Fal. By the Lord I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I prythee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down ſuch Reaſons for this Adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the Spirit of Perſuaſion, and he the Ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true rince may, for Recreation's Sake, prove a falſe Thief; for the poor Abuses of the Time want Countenance. Farewell, you ſhall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel all-hallown Summer.

[Exit. *Fal.*

Poins. Now

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us To-morrow. I have a Jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gads-hill,* shall rob these Men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this Head from my Shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a Place of Meeting, wherein it is at our Pleasure to fail; and then will they Adventure upon the Exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but 'tis like they will know us by our Horses, by our Habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our Horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the Wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have Cafes of Buckram for the Nonce, to immask our noted outward Garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred Cowards as ever turn'd Pack; and for the Third, if he fight longer than he sees Reason, I'll forswear Arms. The Virtue of this Jest will be, the incomprehensible Lies that this same fat Rogue will tell us when we meet at Supper; how Thirty at least he fought with, what Words, what Blows, what Extremities he endured; and in the Reproof of this, lies the Jest,

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all Things necessary, and meet me To-morrow Night in *East-cheap*, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord.

[Exit *Poins.*]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
'The unyok'd Humour of your Idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious Clouds
To smother up his Beauty from the World;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists

Of Vapours that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the Year were playing Holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare Accidents,
 So when this loose Behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the Debt I never promised ;
 By how much better than my Word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify Mens Hopes ;
 And, like bright Metal on a sullen Ground,
 My Reformation glittering o'er my Fault
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,
 Than that which hath no Soil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make Offence a Skill,
 Redeeming Time, when Men think least I will. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. My Blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these Indignities ;
 And you have found me ; for accordingly
 You tread upon my Patience : But be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be feared, than my Condition,
 Which hath been as smooth as Oyl, soft as young Down,
 And therefore lost that Title of Respect,
 Which the proud Soul ne'er pays, but to the Proud.

Wor. Our House, my Sovereign Liege, little deserves
 The Scourge of Greatness to be used on it,
 And that same Greatness too, which our own Hands
 Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good Lord——

K. Henry. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and Disobedience in thine Eye.
 O Sir, your Presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And Majesty might never yet endure
 The moody Frontier of a servant Brow.
 You have good Leave to leave us. When we need
 Your Use and Counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Worcester.*]

You were about to speak.

North. Yes, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highness's Name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such Strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.

Whoever through Envy or Misprision,
Was guilty of this Fault. not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.

But I remember, when the Fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage and extream Toil.
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my Sword;

" Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd;

" Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his Chin new-reap'd

" Shew'd like a stubble Land at Harvest Home.

" He was perfum'd like a Milliner,

" And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held

" A pouncet Box, which ever and anon

" He gave his Nose; and took't away again;

" Who therewith angry, when it next came there,

" Took it in Snuff.—And still he smil'd and talk'd;

" And as the Soldiers bare dead Bodies by,

" He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,

" To bring a slovenly, unhandsome Coarse

" Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.

" With many Holiday and Lady Terms

" He question'd me: among the rest, demanded

" My Prisoners, in your Majesty's Behalf,

" I, then all-smarting with my Wounds being cold,

" To be so pester'd with a Popinjay,

" Out of my Grief, and my Impatience,

" Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;

" He should or should not; for he made me mad,

" To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

" And talk so like a Waiting-gentlewoman,

" Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds; (God save the
Mark!)

" And telling me, the soveraignest Thing on Earth

" Was Pharmacity for an inward Bruise;

" And that it was great pity, so it was,

" This villainous Salt-petre should be digg'd

" Out of the Bowels of the harmless Earth,

" Which many a good, tall Fellow had destroy'd

" S3.

" So cowardly : And but for these vile Guns,

" He would himself have been a Soldier.

This bald, unjointed Chat of his, my Lord,

I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;

And I beseech you, let not this Report

Come current for an Accusation,

Betwixt my Love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The Circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,

Whatever *Harry Percy* then had said,

To such a Person, and in such a Place,

At such a Time, with all the rest re-told,

May reasonably die and never rise

To do him wrong, or any Way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners,

But with Proviso and Exception,

That we at our own Charge shall ransom straight

His Brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*,

Who, on my Soul, hath wilfully betrayed

The Lives of those, that he did lead to fight,

Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower* ;

Whose Daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*

Hath lately marry'd. Shall our Coffers then

Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor Home ?

Shall we buy Treason, and bargain with Fears,

When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?

No ; on the barren Mountains let him starve ;

For I shall never hold that Man my Friend,

Whose Tongue shall ask me for one Penny cost

To ransom Home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer* ?

He never did fall off, my Sovereign Liege,

But by the Chance of War ; to prove that true,

Needs no more but one Tongue, for all those Wounds,

Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,

When on the gentle *Severn's* sedge Bank,

In single Opposition Hand to Hand,

He did confound the best part of an Hour

In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :

Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,

Upon Agreement, of swift *Severn's* Flood ;

Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,

Ran

Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
 And hid his crisp'd Head in the hollow Bank,
 Blood-stain'd with these valiant Combatants,
 Never did base and rotten Policy
 Colour her working with such deadly Wounds;
 Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
 Receive so many and all willingly.
 Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou beliest him;
 He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
 He durst as well have met the Devil alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
 Art not ashamed? but Sirrah, from this Hour
 Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest Means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. Lord *Northumberland*,
 We licence your Departure with your Son.
 Send us your Prisoners or you'll hear of it.

[Exit *K. Henry*.]

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them. I will after strait,
 And tell him so; for I will ease my Heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my Head.

North. What, drunk with Choler? stay and pause
 a-while,
 Here comes your Uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
 Yes I will speak of him, and let my Soul
 Want Mercy, if I do not join with him.
 In his Behalf, I'll empty all these Veins,
 And shed my dear Blood Drop by Drop in Dust,
 But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
 As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
 As this ingrate and canker'd *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew
 mad.

[To *Worcester*.]

Wor. Who strook this Heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
 And when I urg'd the Ransom once again
 Of my Wife's Brother, then his Cheek look'd pale,

And

And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of Death,
Trembling ev'n at the Name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him ; was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood ?

North. He was : I heard the Proclamation ;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose Wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* Expedition ;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose Death, we in the World's wide
Mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you ; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you set the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his Sake wear the detested Blot
Of murd'rous Subordinations ? shall it be,
That you a World of Curses undergo,
Being the Agents or base second Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather ?
O pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the Line and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King.
Shall it for Shame be spoken in these Days,
Or fill up Chronicles in Time to come,
That Men of your Nobility and Power
Engag'd them both in an unjust Behalf ;
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done,)
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bolingbroke* ?
And shall it in more Shame be further spoken,
That you are fooll'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these Shames ye underwent ?
No ; yet Time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good Thoughts of the World again.

Revenge

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd Contempt
Of this proud King, who studies Day and Night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
E'n with the Bloody Payments of your Deaths :
Therefore I say —————

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a Secret Book,
And to your quick conveying Discontents,
I'll read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of Peril and advent'rous Spirit,
As to o'er-walk a Current roaring loud,
On the unstedfast footing of a Spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or sink or swim :
Send Danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour cross it from the North to South ;
And let them grapple. O ! the Blood more stirs
To rouse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great Exploit
Drives him beyond the Bounds of Patience

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an easy Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the Pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fathom-line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks ;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival, all her Dignities,
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the Form of what he should attend.
Good Cousin, give me Audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you Mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots*
That are your Prisoners —————

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By Heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them :
No, if a *Scot* would save his Soul, he shall not,
I'll keep them by this Haud.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no Ear unto my Purposes,
Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will ; that's flat :
He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer* :

Forbad

Forbad my Tongue to speak of *Mortimer* :
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his Ear I'll holla, *Mortimer* !
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his Anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin, a Word.

Hot. All Studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke* :
And that same Sword-and-buckler-Prince of *Wales*,
(But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some Mischance,)
I'd have him poisoned with a Pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewel, my Kinsman ; I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why what a Wasp-tongu'd and impatient Fool
Art thou, to break into this Woman's Mood,
Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own ?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with
Rods,

Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bolingbroke* :
In *Richard's* Time——what do ye call the Place ?——
A Plague upon't——it is in *Glo'stershire*——
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his Uncle kept——
His Uncle *York*——where I first bowed my Knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bolingbroke* :
When you and he came back from *Ravensbrug*.

North. At *Barkley* Castle.

Hot. You say true :

Why what a deal of gaudy Courtesy
This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me !
Look, when his *Infant Fortune* came to Age,——
And gentle *Harry Percy*——and kind Cousin——
The Devil take such Cozeners——God forgive me——
Good Uncle tell your Tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your Leisure.

Hot. I have done i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scotish* Prisoners.
Deliver them without their Ransom strait,
And make the *Douglas's* Son your only mean

For Powers in *Scotland*? which for divers Reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the Bosom creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
Th' Archbishop.

Hot. York, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His Brother's Death at *Bristol*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in Estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the Face
Of that Occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; on my Life it will do well.

North. Before the Game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. It cannot chuse but be a noble Plot,
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!

Wor. So they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little Reason bids us speed
To save our Heads, by raising of a Head:
Forbear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our Debt,
And think we deem ourselves unsatisfy'd
Till he hath found a Time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us Strangers to his Looks of Love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him:

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this
Than I by Letters shall direct your Course;
When Time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our Powers at once.
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own strong Arms,
Which now we hold at much Uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle adieu: O let the Hours be short,
Till Fields, and Blows, and Groans applaud our Sport.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

An INN.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 *Carrier.* **H** EIGH, ho, an't be not Four by the Day I'll be hang'd. *Charles's Wain* is over the new Chimney, and yet our Horse not pack'd, What, Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee *Tom*, beat *Cutts'* Saddle, put a few Flocks in the Point: The poor Jade is wrung in the Withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and Beans are as wet and rotten here as a Dog, and that is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This House is turn'd upside down, since *Robin Ostler* dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor Fellow never joy'd since the Price of Oats rose, it was the Death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous House in all *London Road* for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? By th' Mass there's ne'er a King in Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first Cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney: And your Chamber-Lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What, Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two Razes of Ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my Panniers are quite starv'd. What Ostler? A Plague on thee; hast thou never an Eye in thy Head? Canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a Deed as Drink, to break the Pate
of

trust.

port.

ACT

The First Part of

of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no Faith in thee ?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, Carriers. What's o'Clock ?

Car. I think it be Two o'Clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy Lanthorn, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft I pray ye, I know a Trick worth two of that i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when ? Can't tell ? Lend me thy Lanthorn quoth a ! Marry I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what Time do you mean to come to *London* ?

2 Car. Time enough to go to Bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come, Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. *[Exe. Carriers.]*

S C E N E II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, Chamberlain ?

Chamb. At hand, quoth Pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain ; for thou varieest no more from picking of Purfes, than giving Direction doth from Labouring. Thou lay'st the Plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds current that I told you Yesternight. There's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold ; I heard him tell it to one of his Company last Night at Supper ; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what : They are up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with † *St. Nicholas*'s Clarks, I'll give thee this Neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it : I pr'ythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipp'st *St. Nicholas*, as truly as a Man of Falshood may.

† *A cant Word for the Devil, Old Nick.*

Gads.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat Pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no Starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for Sport-sake, are content to do the Profession some Grace; that would, if Matters should be look'd into, for their own Credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no Foot-land-rakers, no long-staff Six-penny-strikers, none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with Nobility and Tranquillity; Burgo-masters, and great * One-eyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they Pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not Pray to her, but Prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Boots.

Chamb. What, the Common-wealth their Boots? Will she hold out Water in foul Way?

Gads. She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a Castle, cock-sure; we have the Receipt of Fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the Night, than the Fern-seed, for your walking Invisible.

Gads. Give me thy Hand: Thou shalt have a Share in our Purchase, as I am a true Man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false Thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common Name to all Men. Bid the Ostler bring my Gelding out of the Stable. Farewel, ye muddy Knave. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.

The Highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff's* Horse, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

*Perhaps, Oneraries, Trustees or Commissioners. Or cunning Men that look sharp, and aim well, Metaph.

Enter

*The First Part of**Enter Falstaff.**Fal. Poin, Poin, and be hang'd, Poin!**P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascal, what a Bawling dost thou keep?**Fal. What, Poin? Hal.**P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the Top of the Hill, I'll go seek him.*

*Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thief's Company: The Rascal hath remov'd my Horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four Foot by the Square farther afoot, I shall break my Wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair Death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his Company hourly any time this two and twenty Year, and yet I am bewitched with the Rogue's Company. If the Rascal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be else; I have drunk Medicines. *Poin! Hal!* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll starve ere I'll rob a Foot further. An 'twere not as good a Deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chew'd with a Tooth. Eight Yards of uneven Ground, is threescore and ten Miles afoot with me: And the stony-hearted Villains know it well enough. A Plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true to one another. [*They whistle.*] Whew, a Plague upon you all. Give me my Horse; you Rogues, give me my Horse, and be hang'd.*

*P. Henry. Peace ye fat Guts, lie down, lay thine Ear close to the Ground, and list if thou canst hear the Tread of Travellers.**Fal. Have you any Leavers to list me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own Flesh so far afoot again, for all the Coin in thy Father's Exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?**P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.**Fal. I prythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my Horse, good King's Son.**P. Henry. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?**Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own Heir-apparent Garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not*
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our Legs.

Thieves

Trav.

Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy Tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my Poison ; when a Jest is so forward, and afoot too ! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my Will.

Poins. O 'tis our Setter, I know his Voice :

Bardolph, what News ?

Bard. Case ye, case ye : On with your Vizards ; there's Money of the King's coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane : *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower ; if they 'scape from your Encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them ?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us ?

P. Henry. What a Coward, Sir *John Paunch* ?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of Gaunt, your Grand-father ; but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the Proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy Horse stands behind the Hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him ; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our Disguises ?

Poins. Here hard by : Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy Man be his dole say I ; every Man to his Business.

SCENE IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour ; the Boy shall lead our Horses down the Hill ; we'll walk a Foot a while, and ease our Legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us !

Fal.

Fal. Strike ; down with them. Cut the Villains Throats ; ah ! whorson Caterpillars ; bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth ; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied Knaves, are you undone ? no, ye fat Chuffs, I would your Store were here. On Bacons, on ! what ye Knaves ? young Men must live ; you are Grand Jurors, are ye ? we'll jure ye i' faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them : Excunt.*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The Thieves have bound the true Men : Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to London, it would be an Argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good Jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us Share, and then to Horse before Day ; and the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no Equity stirring. There's no more Valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your Money.

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them.*

They all run away, and Falstaff, after a Blow or two, runs away too, leaving the Booty behind them.

P. Henry. Got with much Ease. Now merrily to Horse :

The Thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with Fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his Fellow for an Officer.

Away, good *Ned*. Now *Falstaff* sweats to Death,
And Lards the lean Earth as he walks along :
Were't not for Laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the Rogue roar'd !

[*Excunt.*

SCENE V.

Lord Percy's House.

Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a Letter.

BUT for mine own Part my Lord I could be well contented
to be there, in respect of the Love I bear your House.
He could be contented to be there, why is he not then ?

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in respect of the Love he bears our House: He shews in this, he loves his own Barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The Purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain, 'tis dangerous to take a Cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you my Lord Fool, cut off this Nettle, Danger, we pluck this Flower, safely. *The Purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the Time itself unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the Counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hind, and you lie. What a Lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our Plot is a good Plot as ever was laid? our Friends true and constant? a good Plot, good Friends, and full of Expectation; an excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a frosty-spirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends the Plot, and the general Course of the Action. By this Hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could brain him with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and myself, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not beside, the Douglas? have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the Ninth of the next Month? are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascal is this? an Infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very Sincerity of Fear and cold Heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to Buffets, for moving such a Dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward To-night.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two Hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what Offence have I this Fortnight been
A banish'd Woman from my Harry's Bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy Stomach, Pleasure, and thy golden Sleep?

B

Why

Why dost thou bend thy Eyes upon the Earth ?
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone ?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh Blood in thy Cheeks ?
 And given my Treasures and my Rights of thee,
 To thicke'd musing, and curst Melancholy !
 In thy faint Slumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard the murmur Tales of Iron Wars :
 Speak Terms of Manage to thy bounding Steed ;
 Cry, Courage ! to the Field ! and thou hast talk'd
 Of Sallies, and Retires ; of Trenches, Tents,
 Of Palisadoes, Frontiers, Parapets ;
 Of Basilisks, of Cannon, Culverin,
 Of Prisoners Ransom, and of Soldiers slain,
 And all the Current of a heady Fight.
 Thy Spirit within thee hath been so at War,
 And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy Sleep ;
 That Beads of Sweat have stood upon thy Brow,
 Like Bubbles in a late disturbed Stream :
 And in thy Face strange Motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when Men restrain their Breath,
 On some great sudden Haste. O what Portents are
 these ?

Some heavy Business hath my Lord in Hand,
 And I must know it ; else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. He is, my Lord, an Hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Buttler* brought those Horses from the Sheriff ?

Serv. One Horse, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What Horse ? a Roan, a crop Ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my Throne.

Well, I'll back him strait, O *Esperance* !

Bid *Buttler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady ?

Lady. What is it carry's you away ?

Hot. Why, my Horse, my Love, my Horse.

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape ! A Weazel hath not
 Such a deal of Spleen as you are toft with,
 In Faith I'll know your Business, that I will.

I fear

I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth stir
About his Title, and hath sent for you
To line his Enterprize, but if you go——

Hot.——So far afoot, I shall be weary, Love.

Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me
Directly to this Question, I shall ask.

I'll break thy Little-Finger, *Harry*,

If thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you Tripler; Love! I love thee
not,

I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no World

To play with Girls, and to tilt with Lips.

We must have bloody Noses, and crack'd Crowns,

And pass them current too——Gods me! my Horse.

What sayst thou *Kate*! what wouldst thou have with
me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am on Horse-back, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,

I must not have you henceforth question me,

Whither I go; nor reason where about.

Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,

This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.

I know you wise, but yet no further wise

Than *Harry Percy's* Wife. Constant you are,

But yet a Woman; and for Secrecy,

No Lady closer. For I will believe,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,

And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How so far?

Hot. Not an Inch further. But hark you *Kate*,

Whither I go, thither shall you go too:

To-day will I set forth, To-morrow you,

Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It must of Force.

Exeunt

The First Part of
SCENE VII.

The Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, prithee come out of that fat Room, and lend me thy Hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore Hogheads. I have founded the very basf String of Humility. Sirrah, I am sworn Brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their Christen Names, as *Tom, Dick, and Francis*. They take it already upon their Confidence that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of Courtesy; telling me flatly I am no proud *Jack*, like *Jack Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good Boy: And when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying Scarlet: and when you break in your watring, they cry, Hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a Proficient in one Quarter of an Hour, that I can drink with a Tinker in his own Language during my Life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but sweet *Ned*, (to sweeten which Name of *Ned*, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my Hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his Life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome Sir*: With this shrill Addition, *Anon Sir, anon Sir, score a Pint of Bastard in the half Moon*, or so.) But *Ned*, to drive away Time till *Falstaff* come, I prithee do thou stand in some bye Room, while I question my puny Drawer, to what End he gave me the Sugar? and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a Precedent.

Poins. *Francis.*

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. *Francis.*

SCENE

King HENRY IV.
SCENE VIII.

29

Enter Francis the Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir ; look down into the Pomgranet, *Ralph.*

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forsooth, five Years, and as much as to——

Poins. *Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five Years ; by's-lady, a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and shew a fair Pair of Heels and run from it ?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the Books in *England*, I could find in my Heart——

Poins. *Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be——

Poins. *Francis.*

Fran. Anon, Sir ; pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a Penny-worth, was't not ?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand Pound ; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. *Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis?* no, *Francis*, but To-morrow *Francis* ; or *Francis*, on *Thursday* ; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this Leathern-Jerkin, Christal-Button, Not-pated, Agat-Ring, Puke-Stocking, Cad-dice-Garter, smooth Tongue, *Spanish*-Pouch.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean ?

P. Henry. Why then your brown Bastard is your only Drink ; for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas Doublet will fully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What Sir ?

Poins. *Francis.*

P. Henry. Away you Rogue, dost thou not hear them call ?

[*Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed not knowing which Way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling ; Look to the Guests within. My Lord, old Sir *John*, with half a Dozen more are at the Door ; shall I let them in ?

P. Henry. Let them alone awhile, and then open the Door. *Poins.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the Thieves are at the Door ; shall we be merry ?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my Lad. But hark ye what cunning Match have you made with this Jest of the Drawer ? come, what's the Issue ?

P. Henry. I am now of all Humours' that have shew'd themselves Humours, since the old Days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil Age of this present Twelve o'Clock at Mid-night. What's o'Clock, *Francis* ?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow should have fewer Words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His Industry is up Stairs and down Stairs ; his Eloquence the Parcel of a Reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* Mind, the Hot-spur of the North ; he that kills me some six or seven Dozen of *Scots* at a Breakfast, washes his Hands and says to his Wife, Fie upon this quiet Life, I want Work. O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou killed to-day ? Give my roan Horse a Drench, says he, and answers, some fourteen, an Hour after ; a Trifle, a Trifle. I prithee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, says the Drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

SCENE IV.

Enter Falstaff.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where hast thou been ?

Fal.

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and *Amen*. Give me a Cup of Sack, Boy—— Ere I lead this Life long, I'll sow neither Socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a Dish of Butter? pitiful hearted * *Titan*, that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didst, then behold that Com-pound.

Fal. You, Rogue here's Lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but Roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a Coward is worse than a Cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villainous Coward —— Go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt; if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the Face of the Earth, then am I a shotten Herring: There live not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is Fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad World I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing Psalms, and all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now *Woolfack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If do do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geese, I'll never wear Hair on my Face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why you whorson round Man! what's the Matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poins there?

P. Henry. Ye fat Paunch, an ye call me Coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call the Coward; but I would give a thousand Pound I could run as fast as thou can'st. You are strait enough in the Shoulders, you care not who sees your Back: Call you that backing of your Friends? A plague upon such Backing; give me them that will face me —— Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to Day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

B 4

Fal.

* or rather, Butter that melted, &c.

Fal. All's one for that.

[*He drinks.*]

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the Matter?

Fal. What's the Matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand Pound this Morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundrend upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What a hundred Men?

Fal. I am a Rogue if I were not at half Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have escap'd by Miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through. my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do. A plague of all Cowards——let them speak; if they speak more or less than Truth, they are Villains and the Sons of Darkness.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs, how was it?

* *Gads.* We four set upon some Dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh Men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all? but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two Rogues in Buckram Suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, If I tell thee a Lie, spit in my Face, call me Horse; thou know'st my old

* In the old Edition *Rossel* speaks here, and not *Gadshill*.

old ward ; here I lay, and thus I bore my Point ; four Rogues in Buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told the four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me ? I made no more ado, but took all their seven Points in my Target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven ! Why there were but four even now.

Fal. In Buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in Buckram Suits.

Fal. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a Villain else.

P. Henry. Prythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal* ?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to : these nine in Buckram, that I told thereof —

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their Points being broken —

Poins. Down fell his Hose.

Fal. Began to give me Ground ; but I follow'd them close, came in Foot and Hand ; and with a Thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! eleven Buckram Men grown out of two !

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three mis-begotten Knaves in *Kendal Green*, came at my Back, and let drive at me, (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.)

P. Henry. These Lies are like the Father that begets them, gross as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd Guts, thou knotty-pated Fool, thou whorson obscene greasie Tallow-catch —

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the Truth the Truth ?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these Men in *Kendal Green*, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy Hand ? Come tell us your Reason : what say'st thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your Reason, *Jack*, your Reason.

Fal. What, upon Compulsion? No; were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on Compulsion. Give you a Reason on Compulsion! If Reasons were as plenty as Black-berries, I would give no Man a Reason upon Compulsion: I?

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this Sin. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-prefier, this Horseback-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Fal. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dry'd Neats-tongue, Bull's Pizzel, you Stock-fish: O for Breath to utter! What is like thee? You Taylor's Yard, you Sheath, you Bow-case, you vile standing Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base Comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: Mark now how a plain Tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a Word, outfac'd you from your Prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you here in the House. And, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick Dexterity, and roar'd for Merey, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in Fight. What Trick? what Devise? what starting Hole, can'st thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent Shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack*: What Trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye, my Masters; was it for me to kill the Heir Apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great Matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my Life; I for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hostess, clap to the Doors; watch to Night, pray
Tomorrow,

Tomorrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the Titles of good Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a Play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the Argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou lovest me:

SCENE X.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at Door would speak with you, he says, he comes from your Father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a Royal Man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Fal. What manner of Man is he?

Host. An old Man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his Answer?

P. Henry. Prythee do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith and I'll send him packing. *[Exit]*

P. Henry. Now Sirs, by'r-lady you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardolph*; you are Lions too, you ran away upon Instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear Truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in Fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Ay, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our Garments with it, and swear it was the Blood of true Men. I did that. I did not these seven Years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous Devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stolest a Cup of Sack eighteen Years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*; thou hadst Fire and

Sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away ; what Instinct hadst thou for it ?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors ? Do you behold these Exhalations ?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

P. Henry. Hot Livers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes Bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own Knee ?

Fal. My own Knee ? When I was about thy Years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's Talon in the Waist, I could have crept into any Alderman's Thumb-ring ; a plague of Sighing and Grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder. There's villainous News abroad ; here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father ; you must go to the Court in the Morning. That same mad Fellow of the North, *Percy* ; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Devil his true Liegeman upon the Cross of a *Welsh-Hook* : what a plague call you him —

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen, Owen* ; the same, and his Son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a Horseback up a Hill perpendicular —

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Rascal hath good Mettle in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a Rascal art thou then, to praise him for so running ?

Fal. A Horseback, ye Cuckow, but a-foot he will not budge a-foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*. upon Instinct.

Fal.

Fal. I grant ye, upon Instinct : well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand Blue-Caps more. *Worcester* is stoln away by Night : Thy Father's Beard is turn'd white with the News : you may buy Land now as cheap as stinking Mackerel.

P. Henry. 'Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil Buffeting hold, we shall buy Maidenheads as they buy Hob-Nails, by the Hundred.

Fal. By the Mass, Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good Trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horrible afraid ? Thou being Heir Apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower* ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? Doth not thy Blood thrill at it ?

P. Henry. Not a whit i'faith, I lack some of thy Instinct.

Fal. Well thou wilt be horribly chid To-morrow, when thou com'st to thy Father : If thou do love me, practise an Answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the Particulars of my Life.

Fal. Shall I ? Content : This Chair shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

P. Henry. Thy State is taken for a Joint-Stool, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald Crown.

Fal. Well, an the Fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved — Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look Red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in Passion, and I will do it in King *Cambuses'* Vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my Leg.

Fal. And here is my Speech — Stand aside Nobility —

Hof. This is excellent Sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling Tears are vain.

Hof. O the Father ! How he holds his Countenance ?

Fal. For God's Sake Lords, convey my trustful Queen, For Tears do stop the Flood-Gates of her Eyes.

Hof.

Fal.

Hos. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry Players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good Pint-Pot, Peace good Tickle-Brain---

“ *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy
 “ Time ; but also, how thou art accompany’d : For
 “ though the Camomile, the more it is trodden on, the
 “ faster it grows : Yet Youth, the more it is wasted,
 “ the sooner it wears. Thou art my Son ; I have partly
 “ thy Mother’s Word, partly my Opinion ; but chiefly,
 “ a Villainous Trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging
 “ of thy Nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then
 “ thou be Son to me, here lyeth the Point ; why, being
 “ Son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the Blessed
 “ Son of Heav’n prove a † Micher, and eat Black-Ber-
 “ ries ? A Question not to be ask’d. Shall the Son of
 “ *England* prove a Thief, and take Purfes ? A Question
 “ to be ask’d. There is a Thing, *Harry*, which thou
 “ hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our
 “ Land, by the Name of Pitch : This Pitch, as antient
 “ Writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the Company
 “ thou keep’st ; for *Harry*, now do I not speak to thee
 “ in Drink, but in Tears ; not in Pleasure, but in Pas-
 “ sions ; not in Words only, but in Woes also ; and yet
 “ there is a virtuous Man, whom I have often noted in
 “ thy Company, but I know not his Name.

P. Hen. What manner of Man, an it like your Majesty.

“ *Fal.* A goodly portly Man i’faith, and a corpulent ;
 “ of a chearful Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble
 “ Carriage ; and as I think, his Age some fifty, or, by r-
 “ lady, inclining to Threecore ; and now I remember
 “ me, his Name is *Falstaff* ; if that Man should be lewd-
 “ ly given, he deceives me ; for *Harry*, I see Virtue in
 “ his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the
 “ Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I
 “ speak it, there is Virtue in that *Falstaff* ; him keep
 “ with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty
 “ Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this Month ?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King ; do thou stand for me, and I’ll play my Father.

† *A Micher*, i. e. a Truant ; to Mich, is to lurk out of sight : • *A Hedge-Creeper*.

Fal.

Fal. Depose me. If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in Word and Matter, hang me up by the Heels for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulterer's Hare..

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my Masters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

“ *P. Henry.* Swearst thou, ungracious Boy? Hence-
 “ forth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd a-
 “ way from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the
 “ Likeness of a fat old Man: A Tun of Man is thy
 “ Companion. Why dost thou converse with that Trunk
 “ of Humours, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastliness, that
 “ swoln Parcel of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sack,
 “ that stuff Clock-Bag of Guts, that roasted *Manning-tree*
 “ Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that reverend Vice,
 “ that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity
 “ in Years? Wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and
 “ drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a
 “ Capon and Eat it? Wherein Cunning, but in Craft?
 “ wherein Crafty but in Villainy? Wherein Villainous,
 “ but in all Things? Wherein Worthy but in Nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you:
 Whom means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader of
 Youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-earded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

“ *Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in
 “ myself, were to say more than I know. That he is
 “ Old the more's the Pity, his white Hairs do Witness it
 “ but that he is, (saving your Reverence,) a Whoremaster
 “ that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a Fault, God
 “ help the Wicked: If to be old and merry, be a Sin, then
 “ many an old Host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat,
 “ be to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean Kine are to be lov'd.
 “ No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish
 “ *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*,
 “ true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore

“ more

" more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*; banish not him thy *Harry's* Company : Banish plump
 " *Jack*, and banish all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the Door.

Fal. Out you Rouge, Play out the Play : I have much to say in the Behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord !

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddlestick ; what's the matter ?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door ? they are come to search the House ; shall I let them in ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal* ? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit ; thou art essentially Mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without Instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major* ; if you will deny the Sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a Plague on my bringing up ; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had ; but their Date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Master Sheriff, what is your Will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this House.

P. Henry. What Men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, A gross fat Man.

Car.

Car. As fat as Butter,

P. Henry. The Man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this Time have imploy'd him ;
And, Sheriff, I engage my Word to thee,
That I will by To-morrow Dinner Time.
Send him to answer thee, or any Man,
For any Thing he shall be charg'd withal :
And so let me intreat you leave the House.

Sher. I will, my Lord ; there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery lost three Hundred Marks.

P. Henry. It may be so ; if he have robb'd these Men,
He shall be answerable, and so farewell.

Sher. Good Night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good Morrow, is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be Two o'Clock.

[Exit.]

P. Henry. This oily Rascal is known as well as *Paul's* ;
go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff? fast asleep behind the Arras, and snort-
ing like a Horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his Breath ;
search his Pockets.

[He searches his Pockets, and finds certain Papers.]

P. Henry. What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Lets see, what be they ? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon, 2 s. 2 d.

Item, Sawce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two Gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, Anchovies and Sack after Supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread, a Halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous, but one Halfpenny-worth of
Bread, to this intolerable deal of Sack ? What there is
else, keep close, we'll read it at more Advantage ; there
let him sleep till Day. I'll to the Court in the Morning ;
we must all to the Wars, and thy Place shall be honoura-
ble. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and
I know it will kill him to march so far as twelvescore
Foot. The Money shall be paid back again with Ad-
vantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning ; and so
good Morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good Morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

W A L E S.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mort. THESE Promises are fair, the Parties sure,
And our Induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down ?

And Uncle Worcester——A Plague upon it [Exeunt,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is ;
Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspur :
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his Cheeks look pale, and with
A rising Sigh, he wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I blame him not ; at my Nativity
The Front of Heaven was full of fiery Shapes,
Of burning Cressets ; know that at my Birth,
The Frame and the Foundation of the Earth
Shook like a Coward.

Hot. So it wou'd have done
at the same Season, if your Mother's Cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. I say then the Earth was not of my Mind ;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The Heavens were all on Fire, the Earth did
tremble.

Hot.

Hot. O, then the Earth shook to see the Heavens on Fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.
Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange Eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Wind
Within her Womb; which for Enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
High Tow'rs and moss-grown Steeples. At you Birth,
Our grandam Earth, with this Dilemperature,
In Passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many Men
I do not bear these Crossings; give me Leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The Front of Heaven was full of fiery Shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds
Were strangely clam'rous in the frighted Fields:
These Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the Courses of my Life do shew,
I am not in the Roll of common Men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the Sea
That chides the Banks of *England, Wales, or Scotland?*
Who calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,
Can trace me in the tedious Ways of Art,
Or hold me Pace in deep Experiments.

Hot. I think there is no Man speaks better *Welsh*.
I'll to Dinner——

Mort. Peace, Cousin *Percy*, you'll make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any Man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee Coz. to shame the Devil.
By telling Truth. *Tell Truth, and shame the Devil.*
If thou have Pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I've Pow'r to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come!

No more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three Times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made Head
Against my Pow'r; thrice from the Banks of *Wye*;

And

And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent
Him bootless Home, and Weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home withoue Boots, and in foul Weather too!
How 'scapes he Agues, in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map; shall we divide our
Right.

According to our threefold Order ta'en?

Mort. Th' Arch-deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my Part assigned:
All Westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* Shore,
And all the fertile Land within that Bound,
To *Owen Glendower*, and dear Coz. to you
The Remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A Business that this Night may execute)
To-morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I
And my Lord Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,
To meet your Father, and the *Scottish* Power,
And is appointed us at *Sbrensbury*.

My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his Help these fourteen Days:
Within that Space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter Time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whence you must steal and take no Leave,
For there will be a world of Water shed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my Moiety, North from *Barton* here,
In Quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me crankling in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Cattle out.
I'll have the Current in this Place damm'd up:
And here the Smug and Silver *Trent* shall run
In a new Channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with so rich a deep Indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort.

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Mort. But mark, he bears his Course, and runs me up
With like Advantage on the other Side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other Side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North-side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs strait and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little Charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court :
Where being young, I framed to the Harp
Many an *English* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament ;
A Virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, I'm glad of it with all my Heart.
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry, Mew,
Than one of these said Metre-ballad-mongers ;
I'd rather hear a brazen Candlestick tun'd,
Or a dry Wheel Grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would nothing set my Teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetry ;
'Tis like the forced Gate of a shuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care ; I'll give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving Friend ;
But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth Part of a Hair.
Are the Indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The Moon shines fair, you may away by Night :
(I'll haste with the * Writer) and withal,
Break with your Wives of your Departure hence :
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[Exit.]

* He means the Writer of the Articles.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you cross my Father?

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,
 † With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
 Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
 And of a Dragon, and a sinless Fish,
 A clipt-wing'd Griffin, and a moulting Raven;
 A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble Stuff,
 As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
 He held me the last Night at least nine Hours,
 In reck'ning up the several Devils Names,
 That were his Lackeys: I cry'd hum, and well,
 But mark'd him not a Word. O, he's as tedious
 As a tir'd Horse, or as a railing Wife:
 Worse than a smoaky House. I'd rather live
 With Cheese and Garlick, in a Windmill far;
 Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
 In any Summer-House in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman;
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange Concealments; valiant as a Lion;
 And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
 As Mines of *India*: Shall I tell you, Cousin,
 He holds your Temper in a high Respect,
 And curbs himself, even of his natural Scope,
 When you do cross his Humour; 'Faith he does.
 I warrant you, that Man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the Taste of Danger and Reproof.
 But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful Blame,
 And since your coming here have done enough
 To put him quite besides his Patience:
 You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this Fault;
 Though sometimes it shews Greatness, Courage, Blood,

† This alludes to an old Prophecy which is said to have
 induced O. Glendower to take Arms against R. Henry. See
 Hall's Chron. fol. 20.

And that's the dearest Grace it renders you ;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtiness, Opinion and Disdain:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth Men's Hearts, and leaves behind a Stain
Upon the Beauty of all Parts besides,
Beguiling them of Commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good Manners be your
speed ;
Here come our Wives, and let us take our Leave.

S C E N E III.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly Spight that angers me.
My Wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My Daughter weeps, she will not part with you,
She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the Wars.

Mort. Good Father, tell her, she and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily,

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desp'rate here ; a peevish self-will'd Har-
lotry.

That no Persuasion can do good upon.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Looks that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling Hea-
vens,

I am too perfect in : and but for Shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy Kisses ; and thou mine,
And that's a feeble Disputation :

But I will never be a Truant, Love,

Till I have learn'd thy Language ; for the Tongue

Makes *Welsh* as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair Queen in a Summer's Bower,

With ravishing Division to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am Ignorance itself in this.

Glend.

Glend. She bids you,
 All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle Head upon her Lap,
 And she will sing a Song that pleaseth you,
 And on your Eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
 Charming your Blood with pleasing Heaviness ;
 Making such Difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
 As is the Difference betwixt Day and Night,
 The Hour before the heav'nly harness'd Team
 Begins his golden Progress in the East.

Mort. With all my Heart I'll sit and hear her sing :
 By that time will our Book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;
 And those Musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the Air a thousand Leagues from hence ;
 Yet strait they shall be here, sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down :
 come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy Goose. [*The Musick plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands *Welsh*, and
 'tis no marvel he is so humourous : by'r-lady he's a good
 Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for you
 are altogether govern'd by Humours : lie still ye Thief,
 and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a Woman's Fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Lady's Bed.

Lady. What's that ?

Hot. Peace, she sings. [*Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*]
 Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth ! you swear like a Com-
 fit-maker's Wife, not you, in good sooth ; and as true as I
 Love ; and, as God shall mend me ; and, as sure as Day :
 and givest such farcenet Surety for thy Oaths, as if thou
 never walkest further than *Finsbury*.

Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art.

A good mouth filling Oath, and leave insooth,
And such protest of Pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet Guards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next Way to turn Taylor, or be *Robin-Red-Breast* teacher: If the Indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two Hours: And so come in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow, As hot Lord *Percy* is on Fire to go.
By this, our Book is drawn: We will but seal,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my Heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

W I N D S O R.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

K. Henry. **L**ORDS, give us Leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private Conference: But be near,
For we shall presently have need of you. —

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,
That in his secret Doom, out of my Blood
He breeds Revengement and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy Passages of Life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot Vengeance and the rod of Heav'n,
To punish my mis-treading. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low Desires,
Such poor, such base, such lew'd, such mean Attempts,
Such barren Pleasures, rude Society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the Greatness of thy Blood,
And hold their Level with thy princely Heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I wish I could
Quit all Offences, with as clear Excuse,
As well, as I am doubtless I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such Extenuation let me beg,

C

My

As in Reproof of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatness needs must hear,
By smiling Pick-thanks and base News-mongers;
I may for some Things true, (wherein my Youth
Hath faultry wander'd, and irregular)
Find Pardon, on my true Submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee: yet let we wonder,
Harry.

At thy Affections which do hold a Wing
Quite from the Flight of all thy Ancestors.
Thy Place in Council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd?
And art almost an Alien to the Hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my Blood.
The Hope and Expectation of thy Time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
• Had I so lavish of my Presence been,
• So common-hackney'd in the Eyes of Men,
• So stale and cheap to vulgar Company;
• Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
• Had still kept loyal to Possession,
• And left me in reputeless Banishment,
• A Fellow of no Mark nor Likelihood.
• By being seldom seen, I could not stir
• But like a Comet I was wonder'd at!
• That Men would tell their Children, this is he.
• Others would say, where? which is *Bolingbroke*?
• And then I stole all Courtesy from Heav'n,
• And drest my self in such Humility,
• That I did pluck Allegiance from Mens Hearts,
• Loud Shouts and Salutations from their Mouths,
• Even in the Presence of the crowned King.
• Thus I did keep my Person fresh and new,
• My Presence like a Robe pontifical,
• Ne'er seen but wonder'd at, and so my State,
• Seldom but sumptuous, shew'd like a Feast,
• And won, by Rareness, such Solemnity.
• The skipping King, he ambled up and down
• With shallow Jesters, and rash bavin Wits,
• Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his State,
• Mingled his Loyalty with carping Fools,

• Hal

' Had his great Name profaned with their Scorns,
 ' And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
 ' To laugh at gybing Boys, and stand the Push
 ' Of every beardless vain comparative:
 ' Grew a Companion to the common Streets,
 ' Encoff'd himself to Popularity:
 ' That being daily swallow'd by Men's Eyes,
 ' They surfeited with Honey, and began
 ' To loath the Taste of Sweetness, whereof little
 ' More than a little, is by much too much.
 ' So when he had Occasion to be seen,
 ' He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
 ' Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such Eyes.
 ' As sick and blunted with Community,
 ' Afford no extraordinary Gaze;
 ' Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
 ' When it shines seldom in admiring Eyes:
 ' But rather drov'd, and hung their Eye-lids down,
 ' Slept in his Face, and render'd such Aspect
 ' As cloudy Men use to their Adversaries,
 ' Being with his Presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very Line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy Princely Privilege
 With vile Participation. Not an Eye,
 But is a-weary of thy common Sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
 Which now doth what I would not have it do,
 Make blind it self with foolish Tenderness,

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
 Be more my self.

K. Henry. For all the World,
 As thou art at this Hour, was *Richard* t'en
 Was I from *France* set Foot at *Raven-sprag*,
 And even as I was then, is *Percy* now.
 Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to Boot,
 He hath more worthy Interest to the State,
 Than thou, the Shadow of Succession!
 For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
 He doth fill Fields with Harneſs in the Realm,
 Turns Head against the Lions armed Jaws;
 And being no more in Debt to Years than thou,
 Leads ancient Lords and reverend Bishops on,

To bloody Battles, and to bruising Arms.
 What never-dying Honour hath he got.
 Against renowned *Douglas*, whose high Deeds,
 Whose hot Incurfions, and great Name in Arms,
 Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
 And military Title capital,
 Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,
 Thrice hath this *Hot-spur* Mars in swathing Cloaths,
 This infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
 Discomfitted great *Douglas*, ta'en him once,
 Enlarg'd him, and made a Friend of him,
 To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
 And shake the Peace and Safety of our Throne,
 And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
 'Th' Archbishop's Grace of *York*, *Douglas* and *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
 Which art my near't and dearest Enemy?
 'Thou that art like enough' through vassal Fear,
 Base Inclination, and the Start of Spleen,
 'To fight against me under *Percy's* Pay,
 'To dog his Heels, and cur't'y at his Frowns,
 'To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And Heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesty's good Thoughts away from me.
 I will redeem all this on *Percy's* Head,
 And in the closing of some glorious Day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son:
 When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
 And stain my Favours in a bloody Mask,
 Which washt away, shall scowre my Shame with it.
 And that shall be the Day, when'er it lights,
 That this same Child of Honour and Renown,
 This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all praised Knight
 And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
 For every Honour sitting on his Helm,
 Would they were Multitudes, and on my Head
 My Shames redoubled! for the Time will come,
 That I shall make this northern Youth exchange
 His glorious Deeds for my Indignities.

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Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
 T' engross upon glorious Deeds on my Behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict Account,
 That he shall render every Glory up,
 Yes, even the slightest Worship of his Time,
 Or I will tear the Reck'ning from his Heart,
 This, in the Name of Heav'n, I promise here:
 The which, if I perform, and do survive,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
 The long-grown Wounds of my intemperance;
 If not, the End of Life cancels all Bonds,
 And I will die a Hundred thousand Deaths,
 Ere break the smallest Parcel of this Vow.

K. Henry. A Hundred thousand Rebels die in this!
 Thou shalt have Charge, and sovereign Trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? thy Looks are full of Speed.

Blunt. So is the Business that I come to speak of,
Lord Mortimer of *Scotland* hath sent Word,
 That *Dowglas* and the *English* Rebels met
 Th' eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
 A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
 If promises be kept on every Hand,
 As ever offer'd foul Play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to Day;
 With him my Son, *Lord John* of *Lincoln*,
 For this Advertisement is five Days old,
 On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward;
 On *Thursday*, we our selves will march: Our Meeting
 Is at *Bridgnorth*; and *Harry*, you shall march;
 Through *Glostershire*: by which Account
 Our Business valued; some twelve Days hence
 Our general Forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.
 Our Hands are full of Business: Let's away,
 Advantage feeds them fat while we delay. [Exeunt]

SCENE V.

Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this
 last Action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?
why,

why my Skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose Gown. I am wither'd like an old Apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some Liking. I shall be out of Heart shortly, and then I shall have no Strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the Inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-corn, a Brewer's Horse, the Inside of a Church! Company, villainous Company hath been the Spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, You are so fretful you cannot live long,

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy Song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; dined not above seven Times a Week; went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a Quarter of an Hour; paid Money that I borrowed, three or four Times; liv'd well, and in good Compass; and now I live out of all Order, out of all Compass.

Bord. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all Compass, out of all reasonable Compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my Life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, My Face does you do Harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good Use of it as many a Man doth of a Death's Head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell Fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in Purple; for there he is in his Roles burning. If thou were any Way given to Virtue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should be, by this Fire; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Son of utter Darkness. When thou rann'st up *Gads-bill* in the Night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlasting Bonfire light; thou hast saved me a thousand Marks in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the Night, betwixt Tavern and Tavern; but the Sack that thou hast drunk me, would have brought me Lights as good

cheap

cheap, at the dearest Chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with Fire, any Time this Two and thirty Years, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my Face were in your Belly.

Fal. God-a-Mercy, so should I be sure to be Heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket!

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep Thieves in my House? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: The Tight of a Hair was never lost in my House before.

Fal. Ye lye, Hostess, *Bardolph* was shav'd and lost many a Hair; and I'll be sworn my Pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a Woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee; I was never call'd so in mine own House before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John*; You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me Money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a Quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Baker's Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight Shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and By-drinkings, and Money lent you, Four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his Part of it, let him pay.

Host. He! alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his Face, what call you rich? let him coin his Nose, let him coin his Cheeks: I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? shall I not take mine Ease in mine Inn, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seal-ring of my Grandfather's, worth forty Mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the Ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Fack*, a Sneak-cup; and

if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so,

SCENE VI.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Trunchson like a Ffe.

Fal. How now, Lad, is the Wind in that Door? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* fashon.

Hos. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? how does thy Husband, I love him well, he is an honest Man.

Hos. God, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other Night I fell asleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pick'd: This House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they pick Pockets.

Henry. What didst thou lose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? three or four Bonds of forty Pounds a piece, and a Seal-ring of my Grandfather's.

P. Henry. A Trifle, some eight penny Matter.

Hos. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a Foul mouth'd Man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Hos. There's neither Faith, Truth, or Womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more Faith in thee than in a flew'd Preen; no more truth in thee Than in a drawn Fox; and for Womanhood, Maid *Marian* may be the Deputy's Wife of the Ward to thee, Go you Thing, go.

Hos. Say, what Thing? what Thing?

Fal. What Thing? why a Thing to thank God on.

Hos. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou should's know it: I am an honest Man's Wife; and get-
ting

ting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a Knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a Beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what Beast, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What Beast? why an Otter?

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither Fish nor Flesh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art an unjust Man in saying so: Thou or any Man know where to have me; thou Knave thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, Hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other Day, you ow'd him a thousand Pound?

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand Pound?

Fal. A thousand Pound, *Hal*? A Million; thy love is worth a Million: Thou ow'st me thy Love.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would Cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardslapp*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy Word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a Man I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's Whe'p.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion.

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay, if I do, let my Girdle break.

Henry. O, if it should, how would thy Guts fall about thy Knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this Bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriff. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy Pocket! Why Whorson, impudent, imboist Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Bawdy-houses, one poor Penny-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy Pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am am a villain: and yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up Wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st in the State of Innocency, *Adam* fell: And what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the Days of Villainy? Thou see'st, I have more Flesh than another Man, and therefore more Frailty. You confess then you pickt my Pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by thee Story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go make ready Breakfast; love thy Husband, look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest Reason: Thou see'st, I am pacify'd still. Nay, pr'ythee be gone.

[*Exit Hostess.*]

Now, *Hal*, to the News at Court for the Robbery, Lad: How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet Beef, I must still be good Angel to thee. The Mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that Paying back; 'tis a double Labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any Thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first Thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd Hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the virtuous, I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph.*

Bard. My Lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster, to my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmorland*, go *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty Miles to ride yet ere Dinner Time. *Jack*, met me to-morrow in the Temple-Hall at two a Clock in the Afternoon, there shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Mony and Order for their Furniture

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And either he, or we, must lower lie.

Fal.

King HENRY IV. 59

Fal. Rare Words ! brave World ? Hostess my Breakfast, come :

Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drum ! [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

H O T - S P U R.

WELL sayd, my noble *Scot* ; if speaking Truth
In this fine Age, were not thought Flattery,
Such Attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Soldier of this Season's Stamp
Should go so gen'ral currant through the World.
By Heav'n, I cannot flatter : I defy
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver Place
In my Heart's Love hath no Man than your self.
Nay, task me to my Word ; approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour :
No Man so potent breathes upon the Ground,
But I will berad him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well — What Letters hast thou
here — I can but thank you.

Mess. These come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him ? Why comes he not him-
self.

Mess.

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous Sick,

Hot. Heav'ns ! How has he the leisure to be Sick
In such a juggling Time ? Who leads his Power :
Under whose Government come they along ?

Mess. His Letters bear his Mind, not I his Mind.

Wor. I pr^rthee tell me, doth he keep his Bed ?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four Days ere I set forth
At the Time of my Departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the State of Time had first been Whole,
Ere he by Sickness had been visited ;
His Health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ? Droop now ; This Sickness doth In-
fect

The very Life-blood of our Enterprize ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward Sickness —
And that his Friends by Deputation
Could not soon be drawn : Nor thought he meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a Trust
On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold Advertisement,
That with our small Conjunction we should on,
'To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us :
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possesst
Of all our Purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your Fathers Sickness is a Maim to us.

Hot. A perilous Gash, a very Limb lopt off :
And yet, in Faith 'tis not his present Want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,
To set the exact Wealth of all our States
All at one cast ? To set so rich a * Main
On the nice Hazard of one doubtful Hour,
It were not good ; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the Soul of Hope,
The very List, the very utmost Bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet Reversion.

* Mine

We

Ho
Ven

†

We now may boldly spend upon the Hope
Of what is to come in :
A comfort of Retirement lives in this.

Hot. A Rendezvous, at Home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Vpon the Maidenhead of our Affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here :
The Quality and † Hair of our Attempt
Brooks no Division, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That Wisdom, Loyalty, and meer Dislike
Of our Proceedings, kept the Earl from hence :
And think how such an Apprehension
May turn the Tide of fearful Faction,
And breed a kind of Question in our Cause :
For well you know we of th' * offending Side,
Must keep aloof from strict Arbitrement,
And stop all Sight-holes, every Loop from whence
The Eye of Reason may pry in upon us :
Tis Absence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That shews the Ignorant a Kind of Fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of this Absence make this Use :
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opin'on,
A larger † glare to your great Enterprize,
Than if the Earl were here : For Men must think,
If we without his help can make a Head,
To push against the Kingdom, with his Help,
We shall o'erturn it Topside turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our Joints are whole.

Dow. As Heart can think ; there is not such a Word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this || Term of Fear.

S C N E II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul.

Ver. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord.
The

† *Heir.* * *Offering.* † *Dare.* || *Dream.*

The Earl of *Westerland*, sev'n Thousand strong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John of Lancaster*.

Hot. No Harm ; what more ?

Ver. And further I have learn'd,
The King himself in Person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedly,
With strong and mighty Preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too : Where is his Son ?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades ; that dash the World aside
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in Arms,
All plum'd like *Estridges*, that with the Wind
* Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd :
Glittering in golden Coats like Images,
As full of Spirit as the Month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midsummer*,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His † Cuisses on his Thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the Ground like feather'd *Mercury* ;
And vaulted with such Ease into his Seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And ‡ witch the World with noble Horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; Worse than the Sun in *March*,
This Praise doth nourish Agues ; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their Trim,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoaky War,
All Hot, and Bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Up to the Ears in Blood. I am on Fire,
To hear this rich Reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder bolt,
Against the Bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall, and Horse to Horse
Meet, and ne'er part, till One drop down a Course.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come !

* Baited, i. e. *flutter'd the Wings*.

† Cuisses, *Fr.* Armour for the Thighs,

‡ witch, for bewitch, charm.

Ver.

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Ver. There is more News :

I learnt in *Worcester*, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen Days.

Dow. That's the worst Tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my Faith, that bears a frosty Sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole Battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty Thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The Pow'r of us may serve so great a Day.

Come, let us take a Muster speedily :

Dooms Day is near ; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of Dying, I am out of Fear
Of Death, or Death's Hand, for this one half Year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry* : Fill me a
Bottle of Sack : Our Soldiers shall march through :
We'll to *Sutton-cop Hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me Mony, Captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy Labour ; and if it
make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the Coynage.
Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Town's End.

Bard. I will Captain ; farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my Soldiers, I am a fow'd
Garnet : I have mis-us'd the King's Press damnably. ' I
' have got, in Exchange of an Hundred and fifty Soldiers,
' three Hundred and odd Pounds. I press me none but
' good Housholders, Yeomens Sons ; enquire me out con-
' tracted Batchelors, such as have been ask'd twice on the
' Banes : Such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as
' lieve hear the Devil, as a Drum ; such as fear the
' Report of a Culverin, worse than a Struck-fowl, or a
' hunt wild Duck. I press me none but such Toasts
' and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no higher
than

' than Pins Heads, and they have bought out their Ser-
 ' vices: and now my whole Charge consists of Ancients,
 ' Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Sla-
 ' ves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where
 ' the Glutton's Dog' licked his Sores; and such as iedeed
 ' were never Soldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen,
 ' younger Sons to younger Brothers: revolted Tapiters,
 ' and Oflers trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World
 ' and long Peace; ten Times more dishonourably ragged,
 ' than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up
 ' the Rooms of them that have bought out their Servi-
 ' ces; that you would think I had a Hundred and fifty
 ' tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping,
 ' from eating Darff and Husks. A mad Fellow met me
 ' on the Way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gib-
 ' bets, and prest the dead Bodies. No Eye had seen
 ' such Scare-crow: I'll not march through *Coventry*
 ' w'th them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march
 ' wide betwixt the Legs, as if they had † Gyves on; for
 ' indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's
 ' but a Shirt and a half in all my Company; and the
 ' half Shirt is two Napkins tack'd together, and thrown
 ' over the Shoulders like a Herald's Coat without Sleeves;
 ' and the Shirt, to say the Truth, stoll'n from my Host
 ' of *St. Albans*; or the red nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*.
 ' But that's all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every
 ' Hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, Mad Wag, what a De-
 vil do'st thou in *Warwickshire*? My good Lord of *West-*
morland, I cry you Mercy, I thought your Honour had
 already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than Time that I
 were there, and you too; but my Powers are there al-
 ready. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all;
 we must away all to-night,

Fal.

† *Shakles.*

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal Cream.

P. Henry. I think to steal Cream indeed, for thy Theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose Fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pityful Rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: Food for Powder, Food for Powder; they'll fill a Pit, as well as better; tush Man, mortal Men, mortal Men.

West. Ay, but Sir *John* me thinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their Poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their Bareness. I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three Fingers on the Ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the Field.

Fal. What is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well.

The latter End of a Fray, and Beginning of a Feast;
Fits a dull Figther, and a keen Guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then Advantage.

Ver. Not a Whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for Supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good Cousin be advis'd, stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counsell well;

You speak it out of Fear, and from cold Heart.

Ver.

Ver. Do me no Slander, *Douglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my Life,
If well-respected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little Counsel with weak Fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be seen To-morrow in the Battle,
Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or To-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being Men of such great Leading as you are,
That you foresee not what Impediments
Drag back our Expedition; certain Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,
Your Uncle *Worcester's* Horse came but To-day,
And now their Pride and Mettle is asleep,
Their Courage with hard Labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is half, half of himself.

Hot. So are the Horses of the Enemy
In gen'ral, Journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of Rest.

Wor. The Number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me Hearing and Respect.

Hot. Welcome Sir *Walter Blunt*, and would to God,
You were of our Determination;
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great Deservings, and good Name,
Because you are not of our Quality;
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit and true Rule
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my Charge.---The King hath sent to know
The Nature of your Grievs, and whereupon

Yea

Yon Conjure from the Breast of civil Peace
 Such bold Hostility, teaching his duteous Land
 Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
 Have any way your good Deserts forgot,
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your Grievs; and with all speed
 You shall have your Desires, with Interest:
 And Pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein mislead by your Suggestion.

Hst. The King is kind: And well we know, the
 King

Knows at what time to Promise, when to Pay.
 My Father and my Uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
 And when he was not Six and Twenty strong,
 Sick in the World's Regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
 My Father gave him Welcome to the Shore:
 And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his Livery and beg his Peace,
 With Tears of Innocence, and Terms of Zeal;
 My Father, in kind Heart, and Pity mov'd,
 Swore him Assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
 Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
 They more and less came in with Cap and Knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
 Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
 Gave him their Heirs, as Pages * following him
 Even at the Heels in golden Multitudes.
 He presently, as Greatness knows itself,
 Steps me a little higher than his Vow
 Made to my Father, while his Blood was poor,
 Upon the naked Shore at *Ravensturg*:
 And now, Forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
 Cries out upon Abuses, seems to weep
 Over his Country's Wrongs; and by this Face,
 This seeming Brow of Justice, did he win

* *follow'd.*

The

The Hearts of all that he did angle for:
 Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
 Of all the Fav'rites that the absent King
 In Deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the *Irish* War.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the Point.

In short Time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soon after that depriv'd him of his Life:
 And in the Neck of that, task'd the whole State.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*.
 (Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King) to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There without Ransom, to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy Victoires,
 Sought to intrap me by Intelligence,
 Rated my Uncle from the Council-board,
 In Rage dimiss'd my Father from the Court,
 Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong;
 And in Conclusion drove us to seek out
 This Head of Safety; and with all to pry
 Into his Title too, the Which we find
 Too indirect, for long Continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this Answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a While:
 Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
 Some Surety for a safe Return again;
 And in the Morning early shall my Uncle
 Bring him our Purposes: And so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hot. It may be so, we shall.

Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do,

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michell.

York. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed Brief
 With winged Haste to the Lord Marshal,
 This to my Cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: If you knew
 How much they do import, you wou'd make Haste.

Sir

Sir Mich. My Lord, I guess their Tenor.

York. Like enough.

To-morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a Day
Wherein the Fortune of ten Thousand Men
Must bide the Touch. For, Sir at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised Power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, *Sir Michell*,
What with the Sickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Pow'r was in the firſt Proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower's* Abſence thence;
Who with them was † a † rated Sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-ru'd by Prophecies;
I fear the Pow'r of *Percy* is too weak
To wage an inſtant Tryal with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, there's *Douglas*,
And Lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a Head
Of gallant Warriors, noble Gentlemen.

York. And ſo there is: But yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial Head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Weſtmoreland*, and Warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivals, and dear Men
Of Eſtimation and command in Arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my Lord, they ſhall be well
oppos'd.

York. I hope no leſs: Yet needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed,
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not e'er the King
Diſmiſs his Power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And 'tis but Wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other Friends; and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*.

[*Exeunt.*]

† rated firmly.

† a rated Sinew, ſo the firſt Edition, i. e. accounted
a ſtrong Aid.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SHREWSBURY.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

K. Hen. **H**OW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky Hill: The Day looks
At his Distemperature. (pale)

P. Hen. The Southern-wind
Doth play the Trumpet to his Purposes,
And by his hollow Whistling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempest, and a blustering Day.

K. Hen. Then with the Losers let it Sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that Win.
(The Trumpet sounds.)

Enter Worcester.

K. Hen. How now, my Lord of Wor'ster? 'tis not
well,
That you and I should meet upon such Terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Trusts,
And made us doff our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old Limbs in ungentle Steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish Knot of all-aborred War,
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural Light;
And be no more an exhal'd Meter,
A prodigy of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content

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†

To entertain the lag-end of my Life
With quiet Hours: for I do protest,
I have not fought the Day of this dislike:

K. Hen. You have not fought it, Sir? how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his Way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, † *Chevet*, Peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your Looks,
Of Favour, from myself and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your Friends:
For you my Staff of Office did I break
In *Richard's* time, and posted Day and Night
To meet you on the Way, and kiss your Hand,
When yet you were in Place and in Account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was myself, my Brother, and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The Dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that Oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State.
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The Seat of *Guant*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we swear our Aid: But in short Space
It rain'd down Fortune show'ring on your Head.
And such a Flood of Greatness fell on you,
What with our Help, what with the absent King,
What with the Injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming Suff'rances that you had born
And the contrarious Winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* Wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair Advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral Sway into your Hand;
Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaster*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle Gull, the Cuckow's Bird,
Useth the Sparrow; did oppress our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding to so great a Bulk,
That ev'n our Love durst not come near your Sight

For

† *Chevet*, *fr. a Bolster*.

For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble Wing,
 We were inforc'd for Safety's sake to fly
 Out of your Sight, and raise this present Head :
 Whereby we stand opposed by such Means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
 By unkind Usage, dangerous Countenance,
 And violation of all Faith and Troth,
 Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.

K. Hen. These Things indeed you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
 To face the Garment of Rebellion
 With some fine Colour, that may please the Eye
 Of fickle Changelings and poor Discontents ;
 Which gape and rub the Elbow at the News
 Of hurly-burly Innovation ?
 And never yet did Insurrection want
 Such Water colours, to impaint his Cause ;
 Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
 Of Pell-mell Havock and Confusion.

P. Henry. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this bold Encounter,
 If once they join in Trial. Tell your Nephew,
 The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
 In praise of *Harry Percy* : By my Hopes,
 (This present Enterprize set off his Head)
 I do not think a braver Gentleman,
 More active, Valiant, or more valiant Young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter Age with noble deed.
 For my part, I may speak it to my Shame,
 I have a truant been to Chivalry,
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
 Yet this before my Father's Majesty,
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great Name and Estimation
 And will, to save the Blood on either side,
 Try Fortune with him, in a single Fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture
 thee,
 Albeit, Considerations infinite
 Do make against it : No. good, *Wor'ster*, no,
 We love our People well ; even those we love

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That are mislead upon your Cousin's Part :
And will they take the Offer of our Grace;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every Man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Cousin and return me Word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with Reply ;
We Offer fair, take it advisedly. [Exit Worcester.]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my Life.
The Douglas and the Hot-spur both together
Are confident against the World in Arm .

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge.
For on their Answer will we set on them :
And God befriend us, as our Cause is just. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the Battle, and be-
tride me, so; 'tis a Point of Friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that
Friendship: Say thy Prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were Bed-time. Hal. and all we'll.

P. Henry. Why, thou ow'st Heav'n a Death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him
before his Day. What need I be so forward with him
that calls not on me? well, 'tis no Matter, Honour
pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off when
I come on? ' how then? can Honour set to a Leg?
' no, or an Arm? no, or take away the Grief of a Wound?
' no, Honour hath no Skill in Surgery then? no. What
' is Honour? a Word. What is that Word Honour? Air;
' a trim Reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wed-
' nesday, doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is
' it insensible then? yea, to the Dead. But will it not live
' with the Living? no. Why? Detraction will not suf-
' fer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer
' Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind Offer of the King,

D

Vern.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are a l undone.

It is not possible, it canuot be,
 The King should keep his Word in loving us ;
 He will suspect us still, and find a Time
 To punish this Offence in other Faults :
 Suspicion all our Lives, shall be stuck full of Eyes ;
 For Treason is but trusted like the Fox,
 Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild Trick of his Ancestors.
 Look how we can, or Sad or Merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our Looks ;
 And we shall feed like Oxen at a Stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer Death.
 My Nephew's Trespafs may be well forgot,
 It hath th'excuse of Youth and Heat of Blood,
 And an adopted Name of Priviledge,
 A hair-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a Spleen :
 All his Offences live upon my Head,
 And on his Father's. We did train him on,
 And his Corruption being ta'en from us,
 We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
 In any Case, the Offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
 Here comes your Cousin.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglas.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd :
 Deliver up my Lord of *Westmorland*.
 Uncle, What News ?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Dow. Defy him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.

Dow. Marry I shall, and very willingly. [*Exit Dowglas*]

Wor. There is no seeming Mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
 Of his Oath-breaking ; which he mended thus :
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.

He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty Arms this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms; for I have thrown
A brave Defiance in King Henry's Teeth:
And *Westmorland* that was engag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* slept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single Fight.

Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our Heads,
And that no Man might draw short Breath To-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking? seem'd it in Contempt?

Ver. No by my Soul: I never in my Life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a Brother should a Brother, dare,
To gentle Exercise and Proof of Arms.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your Praises with a Princely Tongue,
Spoke your Deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praise:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing *Cital of himself, *Cital for Taxation.
And chid his Tyrant Youth with such a Grace,
As if he master'd there a double Spirit,
Of Teaching, and of Learning instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the World,
If he out live the Envy of this Day,
England did never owe so sweet a Hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonness,

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his Follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince so wild a Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere Night
I will embrace him with a Soldier's Arm,
That he shall shrink under my Courtesy.
Arm, arm, with Speed, and Fellows, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the Gift of Tongue,
Can lift your Blood up with Persuasion.

De

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* My Lord, here are Letters for you.*Hot.* I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the Time o' Life is short:

To spend that Shortness basely were too long,

'Tho' Life did ride upon a Dial's Point,

Still ending at th'Arrival of an Hour.

And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:

If die; brave Death, when Princes die with as.

Now for our Consciences, the Arms are fair,

When the Intent for bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.**Mess.* My Lord, prepare, the King comes on a-pace.*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my Tale,

For I profess not talking: only this, only this,

Let each Man do his best. And here draw I

A Sword, whose Temper I intend to stain

With the best Blood that I can meet withal,

In the Adventure of this perilous Day.

Now *Esperance!* Percy, and set on:

Sound all the lofty Instruments of War;

And by that Musick let us all embrace:

For (Heaven to Earth) some of us never shall

A second Time do such a Courtesy.

[They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets sound.]

S C E N E VI.

*The King entreth with his Power; Alarm to the Battle.**Then enter Dowglas and Sir Walter Blunt.**Blunt?* What is thy Name, that thus in Battle crost
fist me?

What Honour dost thou seek upon my Head?

Dow. Know then, my Name is *Dowglas*.

And I do haunt thee in the Battle thus,

Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.*Dow.* The Lord of *Stafford* dear To-day hath bought
Thy Likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,

This

This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my Prisoner.

Blunt. I was no born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* Death.

Fight, Blunt is slain: Then enter Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Douglas*, hadst thou fought at *Helmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the
King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Douglas*? No: I know this Face full
well:

A galant Knight he was, his Name was *Blunt*,
Sensibly furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats.
I'll murder all his Wardrobe Piece by Piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our Soldiers stand full fairly for the Day, [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Alarm, enter Falstaff plus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I
fear the Shot here: here's no Scoring, but upon the Pate.
Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*? there's Honour
for you; here's no Vainry: I am as hot as molten Lead,
and as heavy too: Heav'n keep Lead out of me, I need
no more weight than mine own Bowels. I have led my
Rag omassians where they are pepper'd; there's not three
of my Hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the
Town's End, to beg during Life. But who comes here

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me
thy Sword,

Many a Noble Man lies stark and stiff

Under the Hoofs of vaunting Enemies,
Whose Deaths are unrevenge'd. Lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee give me Leave to breathe a while. *Turk Gregory* never did such Deeds in Arms, as I have done this Day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indee'd, and living to kill thee :
I pr'ythee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my Sword : but take my Pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me : What, is it in the Case ?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a City,
[*The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a Time to jest and dally now ?
[*Throws it at him, and exits.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him ; if he do come in my Way, so ; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonade of me. I like not such grinning Honour as *Sir Walter* hath : Give me Live, which if I can save, so ; if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an End. (Exit.)

S C E N E VIII.

Alarum, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much : Lord *John of Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beseech your Majesty make up,
Least your Retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry. I will do so :
My Lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord ! I do not need your Help,

And Heav'n forbid a shallow Scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a Field as this,
Where Raim'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And Rebels Arms triumph in Massacres.

Lan. We breathe too long ; come Cousin *Westmorland*,
Our Duty this Way lies, for Heaven's Sake come.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee Lord of such a Spirit:
Before I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the Point,
With lustier Maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown Warrior.

P. Henry. Oh this Boy
Lends Mettle to us all.

[Exit.

Manent King Henry. Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? they grow like *Hydra's* Heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those
That wear those Colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the Person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves
at Heart

So many of his Shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King, I have two Boys
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the Field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: So defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in Faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But Mine I'm sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight: the King being in Danger,
Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy Head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Arms:
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

[They fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Garwsey* hath for Succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* strait.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a While.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost Opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my Life,
In this fair Rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n, they did me too much Injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your Death.

If it were so, I might have let alone
Th'insulting Hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your End.
And all the pois'nous Potions in the World,
And sav'd the treach'rous Labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas*
Gawsey. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my Name.

Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy.*

P. Henry. Then I see

A very valiant Rebel of that Name.

I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,

To share with me in Glory any more:

Two Stars keep not their Motion in one Sphere,

Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,

Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales.*

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the Hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to Heaven

Thy name in Arms were now as great as mine.

P. Hen. I'll make it greater e'er I part from thee;
And all the budding Honours on thy Crest

I'll crop, to make a Garland for thy Head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities. [Fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*; to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall find
no Boys play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down
as if he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou hast robb'd me of my Youth:

I better brook the loss of brittle Life,

Than those proud Titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my Thoughts worse than my Sword my
Flesh:

But Thoughts the Slave of Life, and Life time's Fool;

And Time, that takes survey of all the World,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesie,

But that the Earthy and cold hand of Death,

Lies

The first Part of 81

Lies on my Tongue: No, *Percy*, thou art Dust,
And Food for— [Dies.]

P. Hen. Worms, brave *Percy*, Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this Body did contain a Spirit,
A Kingdom for it was to small a Bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough! This Earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of that Courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of Zeal,
But let thy Favours hide thy mangled Face,
And ev'n in thy Behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of Tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy Praise with thee to Heav'n,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remember'd in thy Epitaph. [He sees Falstaff.]
-----What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this Flesh
Keep in a little Life? Poor *Jack*, farewell.
I could have better spar'd a better Man.
O, I should have a heavy misf of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to day,
Tho' many a dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
'Till then, in Blood by noble *Percy* lie. (Exit.)

S C E N E X.

Falstaff rises.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou Imbowel me To-day, I'll
give you leave to Powder me, and Eat me To-morrow:
'Sblood, 'twas time to Counterfeit, or that hot Termagant
Scot had paid me *Scot* and Lot too. Counterfeit? I lye,
I am no Counterfeit; to die, is to be a Counterfeit, for he
is but the Counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the Life
of a Man: But to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby
liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect
Image of Life indeed. The better part, of Valour is
Discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my
Life. I am afraid of this Gun-powder *Percy*, tho' he
be

be dead. How if he should Counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no Body sees me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new Wound in your Thigh come you along with me.

(Takes Hot-spur on his Back.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Hen. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou sleight

Thy maiden Sword:

Lan. But soft, whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead,

P. Hen. I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the Ground: Art thou alive,
Or is it Fancy plays upon our Eye-sight?
I pr'ythee speak, we will not trust our Eyes
Without our Ears: Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double Man; but if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself, I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, *Percy* I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an Instant, and fought a long Hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock: If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward Valour bear the Sin upon their own Heads. I'll take't on my Death, I gave him this Wound in the Thigh; If the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the strangest Tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*.
Come, bring your Luggage nobly on you Back:
For my part, if a Lye may do thee grace,

I'll

King HENRY IV.

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I'll gild it with the happiest Terms I have.

(A Retreat is sounded.)

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the Day is ours :

Come Brother, lets to th' highest of the Field,

To see what Friends are living, who are dead. *(Exeunt.)*

Fal. I'll follow as they say, for Reward. He that Rewards me, Heav'n Reward him, If I do grow great I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a noble Man should do.

[Exit.]

SCENE XII.

The Trumpets sound: Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke.
Ill-spirited *Wor'ster*, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and Terms of Love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our Offers contrary?
Misuse the Tenor of thy Kinsman's Trust?
Three Knights upon our Party slain To-day,
A noble Earl, and many a Creature else,
Had been alive this Hour,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly born
Betwixt our Armies true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear *Worcester* to Death, and *Vernon* too,
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]

How goes the Field?

P. Henry. The gallant *Scot*, Lord *Douglas*, when he
saw

The Fortune of the Day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his Men
Upon the Foot of Fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a Hill, he was so bruise'd
That the Pursuers took him. At my Tent

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84 *The first Part of, &c.*

The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my Heart.

P. Henry. Then Brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable Bounty shall belong :
Go to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Up to his Pleasure, ransomless and free :
His Valour shewn upon our Crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high Deeds,
Ev'n in the Bosom of our Adversaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high Courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Henry, Then this remains ; that we divide our
Power.

You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* shall bend you, with your dearest Speed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in Arms.
Myself and my Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his Sway,
Meeting the check of such another Day ;
And since this Business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.



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